

A N
INVENTORY

OF THE

GOODS and CHATTELS

O F

P - - - R W - - - S, Esq;

From the Threshold to the Study inclusive.



L O N D O N :

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P - 2 - E - W - - - - -





A N

INVENTORY, &c.

FOREMOST and first, a broken Scraper,
 Next a rusty Iron Rapper,
 Hangs to the Door of *Peter's* House,
 Erst fasten'd there, but now got loose.
 Within, a Female Porter stands
 To ope' the Door, and take Commands;
 Whose Cant is ever, "Whence d'ye come?"
 "My Master, Sir, is not at Home;
 "He's always out among the Great,
 "He dines to Day at *Gr---n--r*-street;
 "Not that his Lordship, among Friends,
 "Wants Money, for he always lends.
 An Entry narrow, like his Soul,
 And, as his Hands, extreamly foul;
 A shatter'd Lanthorn made of Horn,
 Long before *Peter's* Self was born,

B

A

Hangs dangling ty'd up by the Handle,
The Mansion of a Farthing Candle.
Upon the left, a dismal Room,
Conscious of many a Spendthrift's Doom:
Where *Peter* oft with Vulture's Paw,
Catch'd many an Hireling in his Law.
Around in order on the Shelves
Boxes inscrib'd, arrange themselves;
Some lavish Heir appears on this,
As witness he has done amiss:
On that his Lordship's Name is wrote,
To shew his Lordship's gone to Pot;
His Grace distinguish'd on the next,
Shews forth in Capitals and Text.
But whether all these Libels mean,
That Plate or Writings are within,
Alone good *Peter's* Self can tell,
And those who with good *Peter* deal.
Upon the Shelf that's higher up,
As in Apothecary's Shop,
Empty Vials form a Row,
So *Peter's* Papers lie for Show,
Three Window-Bars, eat up with Rust,
The Glass all crusted o'er with Dust,

Admit

(5)

Admit a feint and glim'ring Twilight,
 Like City Mercer's cheating Sky-light.
 A little Nook to thrust his Clerk in,
 Where he can both ingross and hearken,
 To prove some Contract on an Heir,
 Who little thinks he's pent up there,
 A Fire-place mildew'd and in Tears,
 To Fire a Stranger many Years.
 For *Peter*, when 'tis over cool,
 Sits down with *Betty* Cheek by Jowl,
 Enjoys her Kitchen-Fire and Chat,
 On this Side he, and *Bet* on that.
 A Cieling crack'd and almost fallen;
 A Corner from the Chamber stolen,
 Inclos'd with Boards unwrought and rough,
 Serves for a Study well enough:
 Within't a Chair of equal Date
 With *Peter's* Self, sustains his Weight;
 Defac'd, and (like him) past all mending,
 Whose Arms on either Side extending
 Up to the Desk, inclose the Sage,
 As Children are in Go-cart Cage.
 Another Chair, by Time much wore,
 Thrust in betwixt the Desk and Door,

But

But not so high by half a Hand
 As *Peter's* own, nor yet so grand,
 Receives alternately the Client
 And Fav'rite *Bet*, who oft does fly in't :
 A Gallows † stretching cross the Desk,
 Which answers for a double Task,
 To hang his Papers up on high,
 And tell how *Peter* (ah!) must die.
 Below, a Jordan at his Feet,
 To piss in, and sometimes to spit.
 A Piece of Candle stuck in Clay,
 Stole from the Small-Beer Brewer's Dray,
 Lies on the Desk to seal the Letters,
 Which *Peter* writes to dunn his Betters.
 Behind, an Hammer hung t' a String,
 So Hundreds with the Sage may fwing.
 A little Box of Nails and Tacks,
 A Bodkin, Tape, Pen, Ink, and Wax.
 Aloft, shelv'd up, a Dozen Books,
 Whose old and venerable Looks,
 Their antique Binding, and their Bulk,
 Shew'd erst they grac'd some *Moorfields* Hulk ;
 With Reading not at all abus'd,
 For half a Century unus'd,

Squeez'd

† A little Machine so called by the Lawyers to hold up Papers to copy from.

(7)

Squeez'd close, and tack'd from one to one,
 By Cobwebs delicately spun :
 Not so the Manuscripts below,
 These *Peter's* Application shew;
 The *Cent. per Cent.* Book's fair Amount,
 My good Lord Duke's exact Account,
 His Lordship's, and an hundred more,
Peter thumbs daily o'er and o'er,
 And thinks each figur'd Page affords
 More Sense than ten of printed Words,
 Not only as they're more compleat,
 But as they favour best a Ch---t,
 And may be practis'd on the eas'er,
 By one small Dash without a Rasure ;
 As now by *Peter's* Hand a *Naught*
 Into a *Six* is quickly wrought,
 And so, like HIM who made the Earth,
 Brings *Something* out of *Nothing* forth.
 Then who can dare presume to say,
Peter's not *Godlike* in his Way ?
 And ill betide the Mouth uncivil,
 Who wou'd compare him with the Devil,
 Or say he uses dev'lish Tricks
 Who turns a *Naught* into a *Six*.

But

But ah! when *Peter* casts his Look
 Into his *South-Sea* Year-Book,
 And finds the fatal *Memorandum*
 Of certain Cash refunded *quondam*,
 At once a Sum of Thousands Three,
 To the Directors of *South-Sea*,
 In spite of solemn Aff--d--vit,
 Which honest *P---r* made to save it;
 He shakes his Head, and sighs most horrid,
 Because the pious Fraud miscarry'd;
 Wrought up in Charity's own Loom,
As Charity begins at Home.

But be comforted, good *P--t--r*,
 Days and Times thou'lt see far better;
 And better still will come, my Friend,
 As long as thou hast Cash to lend.
 As Wits are merry on the Dull,
 A Knave will practise on a Fool;
 And Fools enough, thou know'st, there are
 In the Precincts of *Westminster*,
 Who will, altho' they do not love thee,
 On thy own Terms take Money of thee:
 Then never fear, as thus the Fact is,
 Thou can't want ought whereon to practise.

F I N I S.



